An Excellent New

BALLAD,

Of the PLOTTING HEAD.

To the Tune of, *How Unhappy is* Phillis *in Love.* Or, *Let* Oliver *now be forgot*, &c.

YOu Presbyters now Relent,
For your Plotting is all in vain,
Since *College* does now Repent,
And hourly does complain;
That all your contrivance is nothing,
And *M*---yet proves a Slowthing:
Ah little Pate!
Politick Pate!
Thy Policy now is grown quite out of Date.

Now all the Caball Men of Fortune,
With *Toney*, the Head of the Crew
Who the People did often Importune,
To Swear things that never were true:
Oh! this is the Fox of the Nation,
Who made your Sedition a Fashion,
Ah little Pate!
Ill was thy Fate!
For to bring thy self to this wretched Estate.

And now where's thy Policy *Toney*,
The Nation so much did Admire,
Ha'st lost both thy Wit, and thy Money
Since Friends with thy Fortune Expire;
Had not *Harris* spoke truth at's last Hour,
Thou ne're hadst been sent to the *Tower*,
Ah little Pate!
What is thy Fate!
Wilt thou have thy Head fixed fast on a Gate.

Poor *Stafford* indeed you out-witted,
And thought to have done all the rest,
But now your Quaint Policy's fitted
And you left to make up the jeast;
Except you Invoke your Friend *Tory*,
To turn, and to Swear a New Story:
Ah little Pate!
What is thy Fate!
Alas must thy Head now be fix't on a Gate?

The Zealots that live in the City,
Are griev'd, for to see your strang Fate;
Though yet they your Fortune may pitty,
They'l finde out your Treasons too late:
For the Devil you faithfully served,
Has left you, to what you deserved
Ah little Pate!
Damn'd little Pate!
To cause this destraction and Curse in the State.

Like Lucifer swel'd with Ambition,
And tost from a Heavenly Seat;
So you from a wretched Condition,
Was by your King's Favour, made Great
But like the worst of all Creatures,
Whose Treacherie's seen in his Features;
For you little Pate,
To bring in a State,
Would venture your Head being fix't on a Gate.

You thought that when *Hide* was Transplanted,
That you should have grown in his place,
But his Off-spring, who never were Daunted
Your Actions did hourly Trace;
For you (*Janus* like) have two Faces,
And fit your self for all Places;
Ah little Pate!
Politick Pate!
Which for Treason at last, will be fix't on a Gate.

Confess all thy Traterous Actions,
Consider the Blood hath been Shed;
Lay open thy yet hidden Factions,
Of which thou art surely the Head;
Pull out thy Tap of Sedition,
Gain Mercy by true Contrition.
Ah little Pate!
Politick Pate!
Or else may thy Head be fast fix't on a Gate.

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